



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

be pleased with? You have destroyed a miracle of art. What expression!—this cheek is positively laughing—well colored, admirably designed, and most delicately touched. This half-shade is the only blemish on the picture; why do you darken it, and work it up so highly?"

"That's the very thing," answered the painter quickly; "That's the cause of my misery. I saw this darkened tint play round the lip of the model, and lose itself imperceptibly. I saw it, I thought I might get it into my picture." He added, sorrowfully—"Is it not enough to drive me to despair?"

"No—take courage, friend; paint on, and raise yourself above the crowd. Follow your own genius; avoid imitation."

"What can I do? What is left me to discover? Hasn't Titian already mastered the art of coloring with wonderful power and sweetness? Then comes Correggio with his exquisite taste and inimitable grace—his enchanting colors, his roundness, his relief, and his Virgins. What then do you make of any imagination, that you talk of? Isn't there Raphael with his grace, his expression, his fancy without end? Why was I born so late? What can I do now?"

"Imitate nature. All have altered it, some to improve it, others to degrade it; paint you it as it is—with its beauty—with the majesty imprinted on it by the hand of God—with its defects—with its strong light and shades—exactly as it is; diminish nothing—add nothing; trust to these and to your own imagination; your pencil will do the rest. And after that—when you have found the fame you now dream of—do not buoy yourself up with hopes of happiness. No; if you hesitate—if you dread envy and persecution—if you shrink, or are afraid to make your choice between happiness and fame—you are not born for a painter!"

"No!" cried the painter, worked into enthusiasm by the old man's words—"No—I hesitate not! Let fame come! Give me but immortality, and I fear neither evils or misfortunes. Let them come—I despise them." He raised his head proudly, and looked as if his voice had had a power to make them come when he did call on them.

"As I expected—as I wished to see you, my son!" said the old man greatly moved. "You are worthy of the gift intrusted to you by heaven. Ah? if I had been but master of your pencil—of your enchanting art—the world would have spoken of me, and I should have been less unhappy. Look at this brow—are not a thousand miseries engraved on it? I live in a world which cannot comprehend me. I was wretched. My spirit chafed within me, because I could not throw it into marble or on canvas—but I was poor, and I became a soldier. My soul needed an opening, or I must have died. Military ardor is exciting to you—it promised me laurels and glory without end. I was a soldier," he said, with a proud but melancholy smile, "and I swear to you I was not a bad one. But God saw fit to close that avenue against me. Look!" and he showed the painter marks of scars, and a wound that maimed him—"look I was forced to give up my sword! But I could write; my pen remained to me; and with it I painted scenes with colors equal to yours—designs as correct—scenes of life, and very difficult."

"And beautiful scenes they are!" exclaimed the painter, in a tone of admiration.

"But you have not seen my master-piece,"

continued the old man, "see, 'tis here, next my bosom—and shall be buried along with me. They fancied it was a libel; they persecuted me for it before hand; but I like it all the more for the misfortunes it has caused me."

He took from his breast a very thick roll of manuscript, crumpled and dirty, and began to show its contents to the painter. A web of rich tracery—broidered with exquisite scenes—full of extravagances, follies admirably mixed up with the deepest wisdom, and profoundest common sense with ridiculous love adventures; and, alternating with them, scenes of purity and tenderness with episodes that awoke the sweetest smiles, or melted into tears. Life itself, with all its joys and woes, its pains and pleasures, was presented on that wondrous tapestry, which displayed on it an existence, fantastic though true, and sublime amid all the grotesqueness by which it was distinguished.

The painter, in the entrancement of the moment, forgot his desperation, his depression, and even his enthusiasm, and went on listening when the reader's voice had ceased.

"Now, then," said the old man, more flattered by the enraptured looks of the painter than the multitude, "now then paint!"

"Ah! what can I paint after what I have heard? That terrible half shade!"

"Paint unsophisticated nature, without alteration, and you will be original. The world will praise you. That shade so blotched and heavy," he added, thoughtfully, "ah, I see! I will tell you how you may get over it, if you will promise to do as I bid you."

"I promise," said the young man—and he opened the window, prepared the pallet, put a new canvas on the easel, took his paints and brushes, and placed himself already to begin; but only then it occurred to him to ask what he was to paint.

The old man was prepared for his question. "That old water carrier in the leather jerkin."

The painter hesitated.

"Nay, man, paint me him as he is—with those weather-beaten features and hardened looks—with all his roughness, to the life. Place him on the canvas unchanged, rude and uncultivated as he is, and I will worship you as a creator."

In a moment the young painter seized the idea. The soldier took from his purse a few pieces of copper—his whole allowance for the day—and gave them to the rapacious Andrew, the model of the former day; and on a signal he disappeared, and brought the water-carrier back with him in triumph. That individual placed himself before the painter without saying a word. Absorbed in his subject, the young man could only thank the soldier with a smile. But what did it need more? The smile was understood.

Both were silent. Heavens! how the brush flew over the canvas! how the colors started forth in every light and shade! And thus it went on hour after hour, till he had been six hours at work. The nearer he drew to a conclusion, the more attentive and interesting grew the soldier. What truth in every touch! Every angle preserved! the colors so real, the leathery texture of that swarthy cheek so perfect! How the hard hands and sunburnt hide grew alive again on the canvas!

Even Andrew entered into the feeling of the picture, and placed himself before the water carrier as if receiving a jar—and in a moment the painter adopted the thought of the clever little

rascal, who pretended a look of innocence all the time. Hours flew by: the work advanced—only interrupted by an exclamation, now and then from the enthusiastic soldier, "Good! good! couldn't be better," and so forth.

The work was indeed nearly finished—the artist smiled; but suddenly the brow contracted—"That cursed half shade again!" he cried; 'tis always there!" And he seized the brush, and was about to paint it out; but the soldier rushed between.

"Let me, I say!" exclaimed the painter—"Don't hinder me now, when I am full of the subject."

"I won't. You shan't add a stroke. Remember your oath!"

"I heed not an oath when immortality depends on a touch. Let me go!" he said, striving to reach the canvass.

"You shall kill me first," replied the soldier, resisting him with a strength not to be expected from his wounded body and advanced time of life.

"Let me go, sir!" cried the painter, clenching his teeth. "Let me finish the best thing I ever did!"

"Don't you see you are going to ruin it, insensate man! Rest your wearied eyesight for a while."

But the young man still struggled; and after some time when he succeeded in getting to his easel, and stood before the picture, the half-shade, the difficulty, the blemish of his work, had disappeared. The picture was perfect—it was a master piece! The soldier smiled.

"Was I not right?" he said. "Did I not tell you that the shade you saw arose from your own eyes being fatigued by looking on the work so long? I begged you to rest your eyes—you have done so: what fault do you now find with it? Touch it no more—what it might gain in finish it would lose in power and expression. Look at your work! Was I not right in promising you fame? Persevere and you will fill the whole world with your glory."

And the young man, with a smile of gratitude and satisfaction—with a cheek glowing with pride and pleasure—with a hand trembling with agitation and happiness—placed at the foot of the picture—VELASQUES, PINXIT.

"You will be immortal, Diego Velasquez Silva!" said the old man.

Velasques then threw his arms around him, and weeping with joy said—"and you also, MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA! What you read to me will be immortal!"

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

Born 1452, died 1519.

(Concluded.)

Vasari says that Lionardo was invited to the court of Milan for the Duke Ludovico's amusement, "as a musician and performer on the lyre, and as the greatest singer and *improvisatore* of his time;" but this is improbable. Lionardo, in his long letter to that prince, in which he recites his own qualifications for employment, dwells chiefly on his skill in engineering and fortification, and sums up his pretensions as an artist in these few brief words; "I understand the different

modes of sculpture in marble, bronze, and terracotta. In painting, also, I may esteem myself equal to any one, let him be who he may." Of his musical talents he makes no mention whatever, though, undoubtedly, these, as well as his other social accomplishments, his handsome person, his winning address, his wit and eloquence, recommended him to the notice of the prince, by whom he was greatly beloved, and in whose service he remained for about seventeen years. It is not necessary, nor would it be possible here, to give a particular account of all the works in which Lionardo was engaged for his patrons, nor of the great political events in which he was involved, more by his position than by his inclination; for instance, the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, and the subsequent invasion of Milan by Louis XII., which ended in the destruction of the Duke Ludovico. We shall only mention a few of the pictures he executed. One of these, the portrait of Lucrezia Crivelli, is now in the Louvre. (No. 1091). Another was the Nativity of our Saviour, in the imperial collection of Vienna; but the greatest work of all, and by far the grandest picture which, up to that time, had been executed in Italy, was the Last Supper, painted on the wall of the refectory, or dining-room, of the Dominican convent of the Madonna della Grazie. It occupied the painter about two years. Of this magnificent creation of art only the mouldering remains are now visible. It has been so often repaired, that almost every vestige of the original painting is annihilated; but, from the multiplicity of descriptions, engravings, and copies that exist, no picture is more universally known and celebrated.

The moment selected by the painter is described in the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-first and twenty-second verses: "And as they did eat, he said, Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me; and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord is it I?" The knowledge of character displayed in the heads of the different apostles is even more wonderful than the skilful arrangement of the figures, and the amazing beauty of the workmanship. The space occupied by the picture is a wall twenty-eight feet in length, and the figures are larger than life. The best judgment we can now form of its merits is from the fine copy executed by one of Lionardo's best pupils, Marco Uggione, for the Certosa at Pavia, and now in London, in the collection of the Royal Academy. Eleven other copies, by various pupils of Lionardo, painted either during his lifetime or within a few years after his death, while the picture was in perfect preservation, exist in different churches and collections.

Of the grand equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, Lionardo never finished more than the model in clay, which was considered a masterpiece. Some years afterwards (in 1499), when Milan was invaded by the French, it was used as a target by the Gascon bowmen, and completely destroyed. The profound anatomical studies which Lionardo made for this work still exist.

In the year 1500, the French being in possession of Milan, his patron Ludovico in captivity, and the affairs of the state in utter confusion, Lionardo returned to his native Florence, where he hoped to re-establish his broken fortunes, and to find employment. Here begins the third period of his artistic life, from 1500 to 1513, that is, from his forty-eighth to his sixtieth year. He found the Medici family in exile, but was received by Pietro Soderini with great distinction, and a pen-

ston was assigned to him as painter in the service of the republic.

Then began the rivalry between Lionardo and Michael Angelo, which lasted during the remainder of Lionardo's life. The difference of age (for Michael Angelo was twenty-two years younger) ought to have prevented all unseen jealousy. But Michael Angelo was haughty, and impatient of all superiority, or even equality; Lionardo, sensitive, capricious, and naturally disinclined to admit the pretensions of a rival, to whom he could say, and *did* say, "I was famous before you were born!" With all their admiration of each other's genius, their mutual trailities prevented any real good-will on either side. The two painters competed for the honor of painting in fresco one side of the great Council-hall in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Each prepared his cartoon; each emulous of the fame, and conscious of the abilities of his rival, threw all his best powers into his work. Lionardo chose for his subject the Defeat of the Milanese general, Nicolo Piccinino, by the Florentine army in 1440. One of the finest groups represented a combat of cavalry disputing the possession of a standard. "It was so wonderfully executed, that the horses themselves seemed animated by the same fury as their riders; nor is it possible to describe the variety of attitudes, the splendor of the dresses and armor of the warriors, nor the incredible skill displayed in the forms and actions of the horses."

Michael Angelo chose for his subject the moment before the same battle, when a party of Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno are surprised by the sound of the trumpet calling them to arms. Of this cartoon we shall have more to say in treating of his life. The preference was given to Lionardo da Vinci. But as Vasari relates, he spent so much time in trying experiments, and in preparing the wall to receive oil-painting, which he preferred to fresco, that in the interval some changes in the government intervened, and the design was abandoned. The two cartoons remained for several years open to the public, and artists flocked from every part of Italy to study them. Subsequently they were cut up into separate parts, dispersed, and lost. It is curious that of Michael Angelo's composition only one copy still exists; of Lionardo's, not one. From a fragment which existed in his time, but which has since disappeared, Rubens made a fine drawing, which was engraved by Edeinck, and is known as the Battle of the Standard.

It was a reproach against Lionardo, in his own time, that he began many things and finished few; that his magnificent designs and projects, whether in art or mechanics, were seldom completed. This may be a subject of regret, but it is unjust to make it a reproach. It was in the nature of the man. The grasp of his mind was so nearly superhuman, that he never, in anything he effected, satisfied himself or realized his own vast conceptions. The most exquisitely finished of his works, those that in the perfection of the execution have excited the wonder and despair of succeeding artists, were put aside by him as unfinished sketches. Most of the pictures now attributed to him were wholly or in part painted by his scholars and imitators from his cartoons. One of the most famous of these was designed for the altar-piece of the church of the convent called the Nunziata. It represented the Virgin Mary seated in the lap of her mother, St. Anna, having in her arms the Infant Christ, while St. John is playing with a lamb at their feet; St. Anna, looking on with a tender smile, rejoices in her divine off-

spring. The figures were drawn with such skill, and the various expressions proper to each conveyed with such inimitable truth and grace, that, when exhibited in a chamber of the convent, the inhabitants of the city flocked to see it, and for two days the streets were crowded with people, "as if it had been some solemn festival;" but the picture was never painted, and the monks of the Nunziata, after waiting long and in vain for their altar-piece, were obliged to employ other artists. The cartoon, or a very fine repetition of it, is now in the possession of the Royal Academy, and it must not be confounded with the St. Anna in the Louvre, a more fantastic and apparently an earlier composition.

Lionardo, during his stay at Florence, painted the portrait of Ginevra Benci, already mentioned, in the memoir of Ghirlandajo, as the reigning beauty of her time; and also the portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, sometimes called La Joconde. On this last picture he worked at intervals for four years, but was still unsatisfied. It was purchased by Francis I. for four thousand golden crowns, and is now in the Louvre. We find Lionardo also engaged by Caesar Borgia to visit and report on the fortifications of his territories, and in this office he was employed for two years. In 1514 he was invited to Rome by Leo X., but more in his character of philosopher, mechanic, and alchemist, than as a painter. Here he found Raphael at the height of his fame, and then engaged in his greatest works—the frescoes of the Vatican. Two pictures which Lionardo painted while at Rome—the Madonna of St. Onofrio, and the Holy Family, painted for Filiberta of Savoy, the pope's sister-in-law, which is now at St. Petersburg—show that even this veteran in art felt the irresistible influence of the genius of his young rival. They are both *Raffaellesque* in the subject and treatment.

It appears that Lionardo was ill-satisfied with the sojourn at Rome. He had long been accustomed to hold the first rank as an artist wherever he resided; whereas at Rome he found himself only one among many who, if they acknowledged his greatness, affected to consider his day as past. He was conscious that many of the improvements in the arts which were now brought into use, and which enabled the painters of the day to produce such extraordinary effects, were invented or introduced by himself. If he could no longer assert that measureless superiority over all others which he had done in his younger days, it was because he himself had opened to them new paths to excellence. The arrival of his old competitor Michael Angelo, and some slight on the part of Leo X., who was annoyed by his speculative and dilatory habits in executing the works entrusted to him, all added to his irritation and disgust. He left Rome, and set out for Pavia, where the French king Francis I. then held his court. He was received by the young monarch with every mark of respect, loaded with favors, and a pension of seven hundred gold crowns settled on him for life. At the famous conference between Francis I. and Leo X. at Bologna, Lionardo attended to his new patron, and was of essential service to him on that occasion. In the following year 1516, he returned with Francis I. to France, and was attached to the French court as principal painter. It appears, however, that during his residence in France he did not paint a single picture. His health had begun to decline from the time he left Italy; and, feeling his end approach, he prepared himself for it by religious meditation, by acts of charity, and

by a most conscientious distribution by will of all his worldly possessions to his relative and friends. At length, after protracted suffering, this great and most extraordinary man died at Cloux, near Amboise, on the 2d of May, 1519, being then in his sixty-seventh year. It is to be regretted that we cannot wholly credit the beautiful story of his dying in the arms of Francis I. who, as it is said, had come to visit him on his death-bed. It would, indeed, have been, as Fuseli expressed it, "an honor to the king, by which Destiny would have atoned to that monarch for his future disaster at Pavia," had the incident really happened, as it has been so often related by biographers, celebrated by poets, represented with a just pride by painters, and willingly believed by all the world; but the well-authenticated fact that the court was on that day at St. Germain-en-Laye, whence the royal ordinances are dated, renders the story, unhappily, very doubtful.

We have mentioned a few of the genuine works of Leonardo da Vinci; they are exceedingly rare. It appears certain that not one-third of the pictures attributed to him and bearing his name were the production of his own hand, though they were the creation of his mind, for he generally furnished the cartoons or designs from which his pupils executed pictures of various degrees of excellence.

Thus the admirable picture in our National Gallery of Christ disputing with the Doctors, though, undoubtedly, designed by Leonardo, is supposed by some to be executed by his best scholar, Bernardino Luini; by others it is attributed to Francesco Melei. Those ruined pictures which bear his name at Windsor and at Hampton Court are from the Milanese school.

Of nine pictures in the Louvre attributed to Leonardo, three only—the St. John, and the two famous portraits of the Mona Lisa and Lucrezia Crivelli—are considered genuine. The others are from his designs and from his school.

In the Florentine Gallery, the Medusa is certainly genuine; but the famous Herodias holding the dish to receive the head of John the Baptist, was probably painted from his cartoon by Luini. His own portrait, in the same gallery, (in the Salle des Peintres), is wonderfully fine; indeed, the finest of all, and the one which at once attracts and fixes attention.

In the Milan collections are many pictures attributed to him. A few are in private collections in England: Lord Ashburton has an exquisite group of the Infant Christ and St. John playing with a lamb; and there is a small Madonna in Lord Shrewsbury's gallery at Alton Towers.

But it is the MS. notes and designs left behind him that give us the best idea of the indefatigable industry of this "myriad-minded man," and the almost incredible extent of his acquirements. In the Ambrosian Library at Milan there are twelve huge volumes of his works relative to arts, chemistry, mathematics, &c.; one of them contains a collection of anatomical drawings, which the celebrated anatomist, Dr. Hunter, described as the most wonderful things of the kind for accuracy and beauty that had ever beheld. In the Royal Library, at Windsor, there are three volumes of MSS. and drawings, containing a vast variety of subjects—portraits, heads, groups, and single figures; fine anatomical studies of horses; a battle of elephants, full of spirit; drawings in optics, hydraulics, and perspective; plans of military machines, maps and surveys of rivers; beautiful and accurate drawings of plants and rocks, to be in-

troduced into his pictures; musical airs noted in his own hand, perhaps, his own compositions; anatomical subjects, with elaborate notes and explanations. In the Royal Library at Paris there is a volume of philosophical treatises, from which extracts have been published by Venturi. In the Holkham Collection is a MS. treatise on hydraulics. The "Treatise on Painting," by Leonardo da Vinci, has been translated from the original Italian into French, English, German, and is the foundation of all that has since been written on the subject, whether relating to the theory or to the practice of the art. His MSS. are particularly difficult to read or decipher, as he had a habit of writing from right to left, instead of from left to right. What was his reason for this singularity has not been explained.

The scholars of Leonardo da Vinci, and those artists formed in the Academy which he founded in Milan, under the patronage of Ludovico il Moro, comprise that school of art known as the Milanese, or Lombard School. They are distinguished by a lengthy and graceful style of drawing, a particular amenity and sweetness of expression (which in the inferior painters degenerated into affectation and a sort of vapid smile), and particularly by the transparent lights and shadows—the *chiaroscuro*, of which Leonardo was the inventor or discoverer. The most eminent painters were Bernardino Luini; Marco Ugione, or D'Oggioni; Antonio Beltraffio; Francesco Melzi; and Andrea Salai. All these studied under the immediate tuition of Leonardo, and painted most of the pictures ascribed to him. Gaudenzio Ferrari and Cesare da Sesto imitated him, and owed their celebrity to his influence.

(From the Times.)

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

ORATORIO.—In no other city in this country, but Boston, would it have been possible to attract an audience of such a character and numbers, in pouring rain, as that which found its way to the Music Hall, last Sunday evening, to hear the "Messiah" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society; and we heartily wish we could, in justice to ourselves, the society, and the public, who are the supporters of this exceedingly valuable and honorable organization accord to the performance on this occasion that degree of musical success that has been accredited to similar events, but we cannot. The weather had a dampening influence upon the attention of the *active roll*, although the honored heads (the twenty years members) were out as usual in full force, eager to avail themselves of their privilege; consequently the appropriation of seating accommodation proved to be of too extended a scale, as there were numerous rows of seats unoccupied; probably out of five hundred voices counted upon not much more than half that number reported themselves. Many of the fine choruses suffered for the body of tone, and the absence of valuable voices. Such choruses as "Glory to God in the Highest," "Lift up your heads," "Their sound is gone out," "O thou that tellest," and "All we like sheep," came out well, with good life and effect, but the first chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," which gives a tone to the whole work and "Heshall purify," "For unto us a child is born," "His yoke is easy," "Behold the Lamb of God," "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah," all fell short of former comparisons. This was in part accountable to the fact that there were many who "played possum," securing admission, and after singing through one or more portions of the oratorio, taking their seats among the audience. There appeared to be full as many members who officiated as listeners as there were doing their duty. Is this right? or is it according to the code of "By-laws"? if so

let there be appointed a reconstruction committee at once, to guard against it in future. Of the soloists, Miss Houston's efforts claimed for her the precedence. Her superior qualifications over any of our resident lady vocalists, for interpreting this specialty of song, were never more fittingly illustrated than on this occasion. Her essays were in every way in accordance with the proper rules of oratorio singing, creditable to her experience and acknowledged abilities. It was indeed refreshing to listen to one such effort as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," when we were compelled to hear so many mere mechanical recitals. Mrs. Smith, of whom we had reason to expect much, was incapacitated from doing herself justice by being in poor vocal condition; still, with all this, we think she could have infused a little life into her singing, giving credit, at least, of being well instructed. Her "Rejoice greatly" was nothing more nor less than a *fiasco*. In "Come unto Him," she rallied, and sang this morceau with good understanding and satisfactory vocal response, retrieving her shattered fortunes of reputation of the evening. Miss Rametti seemed disconcerted by the weight of responsibility assumed, and failed to confirm the promise held out by her very creditable performance in "St. Pauls." She did better in the second part, however, giving "He was despised" with more freedom and effect. In this song alone she appeared herself, imparting to it genuine fervor and true intelligence. Another year will do much for this young lady, as it was evident she was overborne with responsibilities too great for her present experience. The Messrs. Winch's efforts were of that nature to give but little satisfaction, save to their personal friends. They have fine natural gifts of voices, but they are undeveloped yet, and their method of producing tone and vocalizing evince a sad want of cultivation under a good master; while their culture and capacity for interpreting "oratorio music" is far beyond their present abilities and acquisitions.

Mr. Zerrahn has never conducted an oratorio performance more ably, or held his forces better under control, than on this occasion. The orchestra was very efficient, as was Mr. Lang, in his old position as organist, using this powerful resource of effect to excellent advantage.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

IV.

There were seven of us who met in the little cottage parlor upon the vigil of holy Christmas to wait for the mystic, midnight hour. Very pretty looked this little fane, with its bright lights, and its decorations of holly and evergreens mixed with scarlet wood berries, gracefully festooning the windows door lentils, and the low arch that divides the two little salons, and setting in dark green frames the pictures and objects of taste that hang upon the cottage walls. From a half hidden niche beside mamma's vacant thronal chair, gleams out serene and beautiful in cold, plastic Art, the Olympian head of Tragedy's Muse, garlanded with a perennial wreath of *immortelles*; while in a distant, darkened alcove, another bust imperial there is, draped in mourning: white, it glimmers with a supernal pallor, the features plain, almost repulsive—differing from the classic beauty of Melpomene—the brow, uncrowned by poesy or Art, still bears a higher honor, a brighter glory—it wears a martyr's crown!

Through the crystalline furnace doors the rosy fire-glow leaps and plays, commingling with the pale yellow glitter of the candelabra, as it falls upon our little party, lighting up the roguish, berry brown eyes of Linda, our bright brunette